

Children's Newspaper, Week Ending May 29, 1943

TWENTY-FOURTH OF MAY

It is Empire Day, and we are not far wrong if we count it as perhaps the greatest day in the annals of human freedom. For, let there be no mistake about it, the British Empire is the most remarkable and most enduring community of peoples that ever lived in freedom since the world began. It is the biggest political achievement of mankind.

Every one of us was born into this noble heritage, the only successful empire of liberty known to history, training up its peoples all the time for the day when they may share its sovereignty. It is not true that there is anything tyrannical about it. It is not true that it was built up by the sword. It is the blossoming of that English spirit which seeks nothing more and nothing less than the creation of a happy world for all.

The Standard Bearers

All over the earth its heroes lie, on every continent and in every sea. They are the standard bearers of the flag, and the long line goes back two thousand years. Before the Romans there were brave men in this land, and never has there been an age when men were not ready to lay down their lives for the English liberty which has covered the world like a mustard seed.

Spring will come again in all its glory; Summer is coming with its high promise, with roses blooming, larks singing, and the wind passing over the wheat; and in every season everywhere a mother is thinking of her son who is far from home, driving something evil out of the Earth and putting something better in its place. It has always been like that. The noblest youth and manhood of this land has sought its adventure on the wide stage of the world, actors in the universal drama of humanity, contributing their part to the story of which no man knows the end.

THEY have stood alone, outnumbered and overpowered, trapped by savages in backward lands or faced by mechanised foes that would enslave mankind. They have challenged desperate foes and have stood till they fell. They have dared whatever fate might have in store for them. They have saved others and scorned to save themselves. It was nothing to them so long as the flag waved in the breeze and men were free within its folds to say what they thought and do as they would. They were the founders of an empire of goodwill which has never been matched since time began, and it was enough.

Let us not forget them this day. They are the forerunners of all the hope we have in this hard-pressed world. The long ages of their sacrifice and toil, of hopeful dreamings, bitter awakenings, tragedies and failures, runs like a thin red line through all our heritage.

A Slave, a Soldier, and an Apostle

Out of the Island into the far corners of the world they carried the great ideas of civilisation and ordered life. They fought their way through jungles, they marched across the thirsty desert, they lived in peril of wild beasts, explored the unknown continents, found ways through mountain barriers, tracked rivers to their sources, turned plague-spots into health resorts, broke the power of slavery, pulled down the

forts of cruelty, swept away diseases, and gave millions of poor trodden human folk the chance of happier lives.

No friendlier flag flies in the wind than ours, and it is not for battles that we love it. It is the friendliest flag in the world because no man fears it and every free man loves it. It is the breath of life to us, for if alien hands should tear it down the life we love is ended.

LOOK at it, this flag that is three in one, so arranged that all three have equal shares. They stand for a Slave, a Soldier, and an Apostle. The slave reminds us that we set them free, the soldier that we fight for right, the Apostle that we seek a better world than this. Every school knows who they are: Patrick the Slave who was carried to Ireland 1500 years ago and founded schools; George the Soldier who killed the dragon and gave up his life rather than deny his faith; Andrew the Apostle, one of the first disciples.

Pity, courage, faithfulness to death, it is fitting that they should meet on the flag of an empire like ours.

It has solved the problems of the human race if nations will follow its example, for it would give equality to all colours, all races, all creeds, and the blessings of freedom and knowledge and natural gifts to all.

Pax Britannica

If we look back through history we see that the centuries have built up two universal institutions that survive the wars and wrecks of centuries. They are the Christian Church and the Pax Britannica. A marvellous thing it is if we think of it. The Church would take every man and give him the dignity and confidence of membership of the great human family under the Fatherhood of God. The British Empire would take every man within its bounds and give him the serenity of membership of the Brotherhood of Man.

BOTH these universal institutions have had tempestuous voyages through time. Both have known long years of failure and disaster



THE FLAG THAT WAVED O'ER FREEDOM'S WORLD

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Remarkable Growth of India A TEN-YEARS WONDER

THE startling fact revealed by the Indian census of 1941 has attracted little attention owing to the war, but we have good need to regard it, for the figures, just published, show that in the past ten years the population of our Indian Empire rose by 50,000,000.

Let us try to grasp the fact that this increase was greater than the entire population of any European country, save Germany and Russia. Moreover, with additional attention to public health, we may expect India's population, which in 1941 was 389,000,000, to grow in another ten years to 445,000,000.

Will India be able to feed so many more people? Even now India is not entirely self-supporting in food. Moreover, there is a drift from the country to the town which tends to increase. India may be well on the way to an industrial revolution, while town amenities are playing an increasing part in attracting the population to the cities.

It is a remarkable fact that the Indian cities with a population of over 100,000 have increased from 35 to 53 in about 20 years.

Education has considerably advanced in the last ten years, but still only about one in ten can read and write.

Another Very Gallant Gentleman

FUSILIER DUNER, of the Inniskillings, was one of a small party on trek in Burma, trying to get back to the British lines. After eight days of severe hardship he felt unable to go on, and, knowing that he was becoming a burden to his comrades, he bided his time and stepped into the jungle unseen. As soon as he was missed a search was

made but without avail, and two days later, when the party arrived exhausted in camp, they told this story of a hero whose exemplar was the noble Captain Oates.

Moreover, the remarkable fact is that both Fusilier Duner and Captain Oates were of the Inniskillings; both were very gallant gentlemen!

Continued from the previous column

in seeking to bring peace into the lives of men. Both have critics, hostile and friendly, everywhere. But it may truly be said of the British Empire, as one of the great communities of mankind, that it has been as great a success in its three hundred years

as the Church has been in its nineteen hundred years.

The Empire has not been built up as part of a policy of conquering or possessing the earth. It has come to us often enough almost against our will. When Captain Cook discovered Australia the Government refused to take it. The Duke of Wellington, when he was Prime Minister, refused to take New Zealand; he had beaten Napoleon in war, but would not take a new possession which fell into our hands. We waited generations till France compelled us to fight for Canada or to desert it and abandon our settlers there. We threw away the United States for a whim. We are in India because, after leaving it to itself for a century of peaceful trading, its people at last called on us to save them from their own quarrels. We are in Africa because we went there to explore it and to conquer barbarism and to open up the Dark Continent to the world.

So it is that we may well make Empire Day a great day in the annals of freedom and peace. Little do they know of history, or care for human welfare, who would overthrow the Pax Britannica. It is two or three lifetimes old, and no more, yet all the ten thousand years of human history has seen no greater miracle, no nobler spectacle, than the flag of the Slave, the Soldier, and the Apostle flying over one quarter of mankind. Let it fly, till freedom covers all the earth.

Arthur Mee

The Monster in His Lair

THE overthrow of the Axis in North Africa, accomplished after an unexampled campaign of 2000 miles of almost continuous fighting, has carried us over the first of the walls we have to surmount to bring Freedom back to Europe.

We have destroyed or captured the élite of the Italian army; we have outfought and overwhelmed the doughtiest forces Germany could mass against us.

From Abyssinia, throughout Egypt, Cyrenaica, Tripolitania, and Tunisia not an armed enemy remains on his feet; except as prisoners, there are neither Nazis nor Fascists in all Africa. We are masters of the lands the enemy promised himself as stepping-stones to mastery of the Mediterranean and the conquest of the entire Middle East, with its corn, its oil, and its minerals.

Never before were such battles as our men have fought: the most modern weapons used in conditions often as primitive as the Stone Age. They were fought in temperatures varying, night and day, between the torrid and the frigid, with burning sands succeeded by marsh and rivers of mud, with raging thirst suffered in the stress of deadly conflict; with death-dealing planes overhead and insects everywhere.

A Mighty Spearhead

But invincibility, a quality the Germans vaunted as their own peculiar virtue, was found to reside with our citizens-turned-soldiers. It was we who dominated the decisive strategy and battle tactics, who swept the skies, who showed how armour can be used and enemy strategy mastered.

So there has come out of the unforgettable North African campaign a victorious united force of many nations, steeled to the rigours of war in all its modern complexities, nerved and battle-trained as a spearhead for the still mightier undertaking that now awaits them and the millions who will share their coming struggle. We have to assail and win an entire embattled Europe, with a virtually unbroken chain of fortifications, deeply extended to rearward, reaching from Norway to the south-eastern limit of France, and then, we are assured, along the shores of Italy.

Napoleon won no such mastery of Europe as lies, stealth, and murder have enabled Hitler to compass, with the blatant Mussolini as his accomplice in crime. As European allies, however great their reluctance, they have Austria, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria. By perfidy, massacre, and the flouting of every international law, Hitler has made himself master of Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Greece. Clutching these ill-gotten gains, he lurks behind defences supposed to be the most powerful that the resources and ingenuity of modern engineering can devise.

In Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream we make the acquaintance of Theseus, King of

Athens, whose mission is to slay the Minotaur, a monster, half-man and half-beast, which, dwelling in the labyrinth at Knossos in Crete, devours young men and maidens sent every year as tribute from sorrowing Athens. Theseus takes his place among the youths; pierces the mysterious labyrinth, slays the monster, and escapes triumphant.

Hitler is the modern Minotaur whose demand for human beings is insatiable, millions murdered, hundreds of thousands of both sexes and all ages deported from their homes to toil as slaves in an alien land, to make munitions of war for use against their rescuers. Hitler's Fortress of Europe is his labyrinth.

Actually those fortifications are "ten times beyond" anything that has preceded them, we are told, concrete backed by guns of every kind and calibre, with landmines and tank-traps everywhere concealed to enhance the challenge of submarines off-shore and hostile planes above. But the cost is counted, the die is cast, the means is prepared to confront and overcome all that the fastnesses of our foes can oppose to our invasion of Europe.

The "sea-wise British Navy," as the Germans are now compelled to call it, will be there to repeat its old triumphs. Having borne the bulk of our men and supplies half round the world for the North African War, and beaten the Axis with only a few miles to go, the Navy will carry our forces forth and in due season bring them home, garlanded with the bays of victory.

A Modern Theseus

Knowing the manifold hazards of an undertaking on which hangs the fate of all mankind, the Allies provide all the safeguards that experience, wisdom, and anxious forethought can shape. We have never before had an Army trained and tempered as our present armies are. Everything that can accustom men to the perils and problems likely to be encountered has been studied and rehearsed. Each man will go forth superbly equipped, materially and in the theory of modern war; each man will deem himself the guardian of a trust of sacred significance and boundless magnitude; each a veritable Theseus, marching into a labyrinth to destroy the Monster and deliver Europe.

The long night is drawing to an end. The dawn is near. The full day of liberation and redemption is coming. All hail, Liberty! Let us pray that all will go well.

THREE BOYS OF GREAT COURAGE

It should long be remembered in the history of Chelmsford Cathedral that during a recent raid three boys saved the building by climbing to the roof and tackling an incendiary bomb. The bomb was burning and had set fire to the roof, molten lead falling on to the pews below as the boys sprayed the bomb and cut it away from the burning rafters.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

SIR ARTHUR NEWSHOLME, whose work as Principal Medical Officer to the Local Government Board led up to our far more comprehensive Ministry of Health, has passed on at 86. He was one of the best men of our time and of the very highest character.

Five hundred meetings were held in Sweden to celebrate Norway's National Day.

The American Army Air Force, hearing that a boy in a Berkshire hospital urgently needed lemons, flew three basketfuls from North Africa and delivered them at the hospital.

EDINBURGH, with a target of ten millions in its Wings for Victory week, raised over four millions on its first day.

Sabotage has been growing more and more in Denmark.

In the final battle for Tunisia 100,000 tons of ammunition were brought to the Front every day.

The Italian people from end to end of the country live in daily fear of invasion by the Allies.

The ruler of Tunis has been exiled by the Allies to Madagascar and a new Bey set on his throne.

The American Navy is strengthening its hold on the island of Attu in the Aleutians, from which it will be able to bomb vital Japanese points.

IN a single day recently the LMS loaded and despatched 1057 tons of fish at Fleetwood, a record figure.

Speaking at Darfield in Yorkshire last week, the President of the Board of Education, Mr R. A. Butler, said that there are now more children than ever before in secondary schools—513,000, compared with 360,000 in 1926, and 494,000 in 1938.

Youth News Reel

THE Scout Silver Cross has been awarded to Scout Derek Hassall, of the 1st Hawarden (Flintshire) Troop, for his gallant rescue of the pilot of a crashed plane.

Scout David Archer, of Malta, who received the BEM for his outstanding service as a coast-watcher, has come to this country and will, after receiving his award, join the Royal Navy.

A TEAM of Handicapped Scouts of the 42nd Bradford South (Institution) Troop recently extinguished a fire which had broken out close to a dormitory in which 115 people lay asleep, many helpless.

At the annual meeting of the Girl Guides Association the President, the Princess Royal, said that last year 1149 new Companies and 459 new Brownie Packs were registered, an increase of about 35,000 girls.

There are 1750 volunteers for the Guide International Service, of whom 500 are now in training for relief work in Europe after the war.

The Guide Fund for the B.P. Memorial has now reached £86,000, and with many contributions still to come from overseas it is expected that the £100,000 mark will be passed.

THINGS SEEN

Green primroses in a Folkestone garden.

A rhubarb leaf at Addlestone, Surrey, 31 inches across.

A Salvation Army Band carrying on during an intense anti-aircraft barrage at Dover.

Turkey, Friend in Need

WHILE the whole world wonders when and where the Allies will strike next against Hitler's European Fortress, the Nazis themselves are under no illusions about the danger from one certain quarter. They have rushed reinforcements into Greece and into Bulgaria, where great Axis strength is massed on the small European frontiers of Turkey.

Will Hitler strike at Turkey? To do so he must use the Bulgarian armies, for he has few men of his own to spare, and he reckons in confident fashion with the long-standing enmity between the two neighbour nations. And why should Adolf Hitler think of striking at Turkey? Because if a lightning stroke were successful it would open out a formidable flank attack upon our whole position in the Near East.

Yet he hesitates; for the days of successful lightning strokes by the inventors of the Blitzkrieg are over for good. Maybe this one might fall flat, and then the dwindling forces of the Axis would be faced with a million new fighting Turks, as brave and well-disciplined and patriotic as any soldiers in the world. The accession of the Bulgarian army would be no compensation for the peril of new Turkish armies streaming into Greece and the Balkans.

The Turks are neutrals, but are on the watch, as they have been ever since the war began. They are taking no chances with Berlin, and today they are far better placed than they were three years ago to defy Hitler's threats and reject his cajoling.

They are confident that they can meet any danger with which he faces them.

And they remain our friends. It is doubtful if there is one per cent among the people of Turkey who does not wish the Allies well. We see the evidence in their newspapers, in the open statements of public men, in the feeling of the Turkish people when they receive our prisoners of war on the way to freedom in some exchange. And they have been our friends all the time, even in our darkest and most dangerous hours in the summer of 1940.

Let us never forget this. It would have been very easy, on what our wise men call a "short-term policy," for Turkey to have joined forces with the Axis three years ago. Had she done so, who knows whether we could have held Egypt and the Suez Canal against the double threat from East and West? It was sheer goodwill on Turkey's part which maintained her friendship towards us in those menacing days, when Hitler was putting on her all the pressure he dare exert to let him attack us through her territory, and when she could have reaped immediate profit by doing so.

Flooding the Ruhr Valley

THE Ruhr Valley, source of so much of Germany's war strength, has been flooded by the RAF in one of the most astonishing raids of the war.

The dam on the River Mohne, containing a reservoir of 134,000,000 tons, and the dam on the River Sorpe, whose reservoir takes two years to fill, have been breached by mines accurately dropped from a low level, with the result that the industrial districts beside the River Ruhr, of which the Mohne and Sorpe are the chief tributaries, have been flooded by raging torrents and its most important power house swept away. One of the explosions threw water and mud to a height of 1000 feet.

In the same raid the Eder dam, which is the largest in Germany and contains 202,000,000 tons, or enough water to supply London for 150 days, was breached, and a 30-foot-high wall of water poured down the Eder Valley toward Kassel, an important locomotive and aircraft building centre.

The destruction of these reservoirs is not only invaluable for its immediate effects on the Ruhr industries, but it will for a long time to come impede navigation in its great waterways, the depth of whose water they maintain.

It may confidently be claimed that no more effective blow has been delivered at the heart of Germany than this raid on the Ruhr dams.

A Golden Deed in a Desperate Hour

ONE revelation of the days of Dunkirk the Prime Minister has lately made.

We were alone in those days, and yet it is fair to remember one golden deed of that desperate hour. Our War Minister had made an urgent call for volunteers to rally round the searchlights; for shot guns, sporting rifles, clubs, staves, and whatever could be found; and then there came across the Atlantic a cargo

to make us smile today yet so precious then that it could make us weep: President Roosevelt found a million rifles and a thousand field guns, equipped with ammunition, which had been stored in grease for a generation, and in the name of humanity America gave them to us in our peril.

So dire was the danger that we were almost afraid to fire a bullet for practice lest we ran short.

PASSED BY THE GERMAN CENSOR

The Berlin correspondent of a Swiss newspaper was astonished to find his dispatch concerning the collapse in Tunisia passed by the German Censor, especially his remark about the prisoners taken, for he said:

The relatives can comfort themselves that these soldiers have fallen into the hands of a civilised opponent.

Impudence

A great compliment has been paid to Democracy by a group of Italians working in the Isle of Man; they went on strike for higher pay after a day's notice!

In their native land they would have been given short shrift had they done such a thing as "free" men, and we can imagine the reply that German or Italian prison-camp commandants would make to such action by their own prisoners.

Early Flowers

DEAR EDITOR, In Things Seen you mention a red rose out on April 26, but I can go one better, though my garden faces east and north, with a pink rose fully out on April 23 (Good Friday). I had also several nasturtiums in flower on May 10, on last year's plants. This year my cherry tree burst into bloom 22 days earlier than in 1942.

(Miss) INA CHESTER, Dartmouth

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Fresh Water From the Sea

Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink.

THAT was the dire outlook of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, when "every tongue, through utter drought, was withered at the root." That also was the maddening prospect of many a shipwrecked modern mariner, and it is wonderful news for all seafaring men that a successful way of distilling sea water to make it drinkable has been discovered, and that all lifeboats of our merchant ships are to have the necessary equipment.

Three kinds of still have been made, and one of them, already

being produced, yields half a gallon of fresh water an hour. It can be worked with coal briquettes, or with other fuel like paraffin or waste timber, and it can be used also for making hot drinks and drying clothes.

We can all rejoice that those who go down to the sea in ships are to be freed from the nightmare of unquenchable thirst. It has been said that water is dull stuff, and that is why it is consumed under various names in various colours and at various prices. But any sailor will tell you different—that to a really thirsty man a cup of pure water is nectar beyond price.

WHOSE DOG?

A dog has a good sense of justice, we say; certainly the latest dog story would suggest that it is impartial.

At Edmonton County Court the other day a case was being tried as to the ownership of a dog, and the judge suggested that the parties should call the dog by their pet names for it.

When a witness called "Peter" the dog ran to her from the back of the court, jumped up, and tried to kiss her. The other woman called "Pup Pup" and again the dog ran, jumped up, and begged a kiss. Then, to put things right, Peter Pup Pup tried to kiss the Clerk!

The Miner at Gleneagles

A FINE and successful attempt to restore injured miners is being made at Gleneagles, in Perthshire, where the famous hotel, beloved of golfers, has been opened on behalf of the Scottish pit workers.

A miner with a broken spine, discharged from hospital as completely unable to work, has been able to return to the pit after eleven weeks' treatment at Gleneagles.

Who can doubt that English and Welsh miners, and workers in industry generally, will receive such aid, as a matter of course, in the time to come. How often it is felt that there is a

gap between the time an injured man leaves hospital and when he is fit to go back to work.

Such beautiful conditions as exist at Gleneagles create the will and desire to resume employment; the atmosphere of the hospital ward is avoided. Entertainment is very important, and this is provided by ENSA, cinema shows, and talent from among the patients themselves. The average duration of treatment is about six weeks.

Gleneagles has glorious gardens and views, and the Scottish miners are to be congratulated on the possession of the institution.

THE BISHOP AT HIS POST

Car drivers, cyclists, and pedestrians looked twice at the Home Guard who stood directing the traffic in one of Lancaster's busiest thoroughfares the other day.

They were right in thinking they saw something unusual; it was the Bishop of Lancaster, as a member of the local Home Guard, carrying out his ordinary duties like any other man.

NEW WATERPROOFS

A new waterproof which avoids the use of rubber has been introduced by a member of the Cotton Industry Research Association. The process allows the treated cloth to "breathe." The material seals itself as soon as moisture falls on it, and the discomfort caused by waterproofing with rubber is avoided.

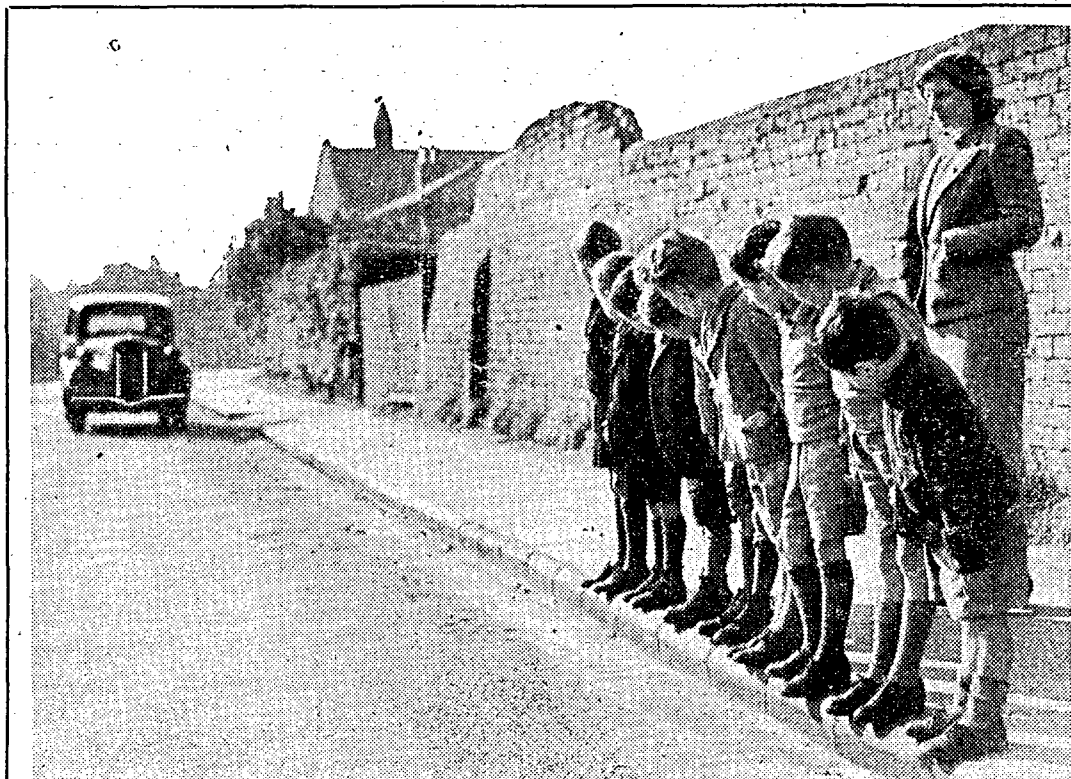
WHAT PLANNING HAS DONE

In bringing meat overseas the carcasses are now telescoped so that they occupy only three-quarters of pre-war space; and with green cabbages 1000 tons weight has been reduced to 40 tons, and the space from 140,000 cubic feet to 15,000.

Fish-zoning is saving about 7000 train miles a week. A plan for moving seed potatoes from Scotland this year saved 250,000 tons of transport. Organising milk deliveries has saved 35 per cent of petrol.

Concentrating the distribution of non-alcoholic drinks has taken as many as 1000 vehicles off the road.

The 2000 British Restaurants are serving 180 million meals a week, about a tenth of the nation's meals.



Kerb Drill for Children

LISTENERS to the six o'clock news would be interested the other evening to hear the Announcer say that children were to be taught a new kind of drill, but perhaps many would cease to be interested when told it was to be known as Kerb Drill.

Just another Safety First slogan, they said, no doubt; but it could be more than a slogan, and with the fatality figures of adults and children still so high Kerb Drill might profitably

become part of our compulsory education.

Close observation reveals how very few people pause before stepping off the footpath to look either right or left. Kerb Drill would make this precautionary practice a national asset, and would produce quick results if it was done to dictation.

In many places a teacher will be seen standing on the edge of a pavement with her scholars. Passers-by wonder what they are up to, for first the teacher points

up the road, then down. Then may follow an unusual chanting: *Look up the road, look down the road before you go across, And never, never, never think that you can race the bus.*

Nowadays it is no unusual thing to see young schoolchildren going through this ritual, keeping up their drill, when walking out with their parents. Whatever makes for safety on the roads is worth trying. Kerb Drill may be irksome at first, but can become instinctive.

VILLAGE NEWS

A good friend from a farm in Beautiful Devon writes telling us of a few things she has come across in her village and the country round; among them, these:

A rose in bloom in the first days of May, climbing up a cottage verandah.

A fine old village cobbler who soles and heels boots for 5s and refuses to put up his prices, though he has too much to do.

A woman who picks up flowers lying in the road and drops them into the first puddle or little stream she comes across.

A visitor from a hot country, where the grass is too parched to grow, who can hardly be dragged into meals because of the beauty of a field of buttercups, at which he "gazes and gazes."

A cat which has lost her kittens sitting by another cat which has three, the mothers with the kittens in a nest between them.

On the first days of this month our friend had seen these butterflies: A peacock, a red admiral, and an orange-tip; she also saw a peacock butterfly in March, with winter still upon us according to the calendar.

BEYOND ALL UNDERSTANDING

We cannot help thinking the German mind is past all understanding and beyond redemption when we read this broadcast in Czech which recently came from a German station:

The entire Czech nation remembers today in deep gratefulness the birthday of the Fuehrer, Adolf Hitler, who, by his far-reaching decisions, has guaranteed our protection against destructive Bolshevism and against exploitation by the plutocracies.

A House in Soho

AMONG the many churches destroyed by Nazi bombers over London there were very few outside the confines of the City which had much architectural value.

First we must place the oldest and loveliest of them all, the Old Church on Chelsea Embankment, where Henry the Eighth married Anne Boleyn, and where Thomas More was buried. St James's in Piccadilly is another fine old church burnt out, and a third is St Anne's in Wardour Street, Soho, which was about 300 years old and specially noted for its music.

We are glad to hear that, though St Anne's is now no more than a shell, its cultural traditions are to be revived. The

Bishop of London has opened its parish house in Dean Street as a centre of discussion of religion, music, drama, and the arts, of literature and newspaper work, films and broadcasting.

William Hazlitt, whose tomb stands in the battered church garden, loved London and Soho in his sharp-edged way, and loved literature passionately. Newspaper-men look upon him as their foremost stylist and guide in criticism, and they will like to think that his writings and his life may form the themes of much discussion in this fine parish house of the beautiful church where his bones were laid to rest after a stormy career that had brought him to poverty in Soho.

PENICILLIN

Professor and Mrs Florey have been describing in The Lancet the first extensive trial of the new drug Penicillin, and the result shows that Penicillin is likely to prove a landmark in medical history.

It is many hundred times more potent than the famous M and B 693, a variant of which gave a new lease of life to the Prime Minister. It has also been effective in curing meningitis. Local applications of Penicillin to affected wounds have also been found valuable.

It should be added that Penicillin is not obtainable by the public. So far only very small quantities have been made by a lengthy process, but it is hoped in the near future to make it available to everyone.

Great School Book Drive

THE great opportunity given to all London schoolchildren to join the Army Corps of Commandos, with a view to promotion to Sergeant, Captain, Colonel, or even Field-Marshal, has aroused keen interest in London's School Book Drive which has opened as part of the huge Salvage Campaign to be run throughout Metropolitan Boroughs.

No fewer than 240,000 schoolchildren, representing about 800 schools are taking part. A speaker at each school before the opening date of the drive explained the important work to be undertaken by every member of the Corps of Commandos.

A division is made between East and West London, the East Commandos wearing red

badges and the West Commandos blue badges. Promotion is to be gained according to the number of books collected by each girl or boy, 20 books making a Sergeant, 50 a Captain, 75 a Colonel, 100 a General, and 250 a Field-Marshal. This is not an inter-schools contest, but diplomas will be given to each school by the Ministry of Supply in three degrees of merit.

Schoolchildren have always given magnificent support to these Drives, and the authorities feel sure they can rely on the Commandos once again to Deliver the goods. By the end of the Drive on June 11 it is expected that London schools will abound in Captains, Colonels, Generals, and not a few Field-M Marshals.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

New Slums For the Country

WE earnestly hope a little more idealism will be infused into the scheme for building farm cottages.

It is hard to imagine any number of people being content with what is now proposed, which seems to us little more or less than the creation of new slums. It transpires that the 3000 cottages to be set up as a beginning are to have concrete floors and concrete stairs.

We believe the nation will revolt from such an abomination and will much prefer that no cottages should be built at all. If the question is whether to build badly or to wait till we can build well, there is no doubt what the answer should be. It is madness to build today a cottage we shall be thoroughly ashamed of tomorrow, and it is adding evil to evil to attempt to improve agricultural conditions by slum methods such as these.

We are convinced that our Minister of Health will not allow his Ministry to fall so low.

Poet of the War

WE gave the other day one more poem by a poet fallen in the war; here are two verses we take from The Times, written after Dunkirk by Commander H. M. Darell-Brown, who took his part in the rescue of the British Expeditionary Force, and lost his life off Algiers when in command of HMS Ibis:

*A hundred thousand heroes
With banners flying high
Are marching down the ages
To show us how to die.*

*One Man, disgraced and lonely
Yet whispering still Forgive,
Cross-hung and dying slowly
Still shows us how to live.*

JUST AN IDEA

Why is it, asks Richard Llewellyn, that people suffer when there is so little need, when an effort of will and some hard work would bring them from their misery into peace and contentment?

Under the Editor's Table

NORTH Africa was conquered with a lightning blow. Everybody was struck by it.

A WATCHMAKER in the Home Guard said he had no time to drill. But he could mark time.

No extra food will be released for seaside towns. Anyway, nobody on holiday expects to be fed up.

RAT-CATCHERS are to be licensed. We have sent in the name of our cat.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a woman can be master of the situation

THE STRUGGLE AND THE PRIZE

BECAUSE of wartime difficulties in book supply the L C C may give no more school prizes until the war is over. But in reception areas education authorities who have London children under their charge can include them in whatever arrangements they are making.

The ban on prizes is regrettable, for every boy and girl likes to think that hard work and dutiful study will bring a reward in the shape of a longed-for book. Now that books of all kinds are so much dearer, and so much more difficult to buy, children will miss them more than ever. Yet, all the same, good work will be worth

doing still. There are many good schools where prizes are never given at all because the headmaster or headmistress holds the view that they encourage "pot-hunting." This is so in sport as well as in class, and it is certainly true that in schools at which the only prizes for sports are scraps of coloured ribbon, there is just as much keenness to win, for oneself or one's team, as there is where a silver medal or cup is waiting to be won.

The boy or girl who enters a contest of any kind to win a prize for its value, and not to win for the honour of the school, is certainly not making the best use of life.

Edmund Burke on Poland

We feel that our readers will be interested to have this paragraph from Edmund Burke on a Polish Constitution established during the February Revolution. Force was breaking things down, Poland was building up, and this is what Burke wrote of the democratic constitution honoured ever since on Poland's National Day.

So far as it has gone it probably is the most pure and effective public good which ever has been conferred on mankind. We have seen anarchy and servitude at once removed; a throne strengthened for the protection of the people without trenching on their liberties; not one man incurred loss or suffered degradation. All, from the king to the day-labourer, were improved in their condition. Everything was

kept in its place and order, but in that place and order everything was bettered.

To add to this happy wonder, this unheard-of conjunction of wisdom and fortitude, not one drop of blood was spilled; no trickery, no outrage; no system of slander more cruel than the sword; no studied insults to religion, morals, or manners; no spoil; no confiscation; no citizen beggared; none imprisoned; none exiled; the whole was effected with a policy, a discretion, an unanimity and secrecy, such as have never been before known on any occasion; but such wonderful conduct was reserved for the glorious conspiracy in favour of the true and genuine rights and interests of men.

BOMB NEWS

WE told the story the other day of a ring of primroses brought into life by a bomb. Now we hear from the Kent Archaeological Society that a pocket of medieval pottery was revealed somewhere in Blean Wood, near Canterbury, by a bomb explosion.

During the last war a rare lead font was revealed by the vibrations of gunfire in Kent.

Birth of an Army

WE read a story that is new to us in a Liverpool paper, which declares that the Salvation Army owes its existence to a Liverpool Methodist Conference in 1861—a conference, be it said, that apparently did not believe in the thing it was bringing about.

It seems that after a stormy debate the Revd William Booth was refused permission to give his whole time to evangelistic work. The conference said he could do the work in part time with a pastorate, whereupon his wife called out from the gallery, "No, never."

The voice from the gallery decided the matter. The Revd William Booth gave up the ministry of the Methodist Church and made his parish as wide as John Wesley's.

VENGEANCE

WE heard that the parents of an airman shot down off Colombo by the Japanese have sent 100 guineas to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. They ask that the money may be used "for future work in Japan," saying that this "seems to be the only decent Christian vengeance."

MOTHERS & CHILDREN FIRST

A Four-Year Plan For Nurseries

THE widespread planning for social reconstruction when Peace comes is one of the happiest and healthiest signs in a nation preoccupied with war.

Merely to dream of a better world is not enough, and thoughtful people realise that if we are to be worthy of all this sacrifice and suffering we must think ahead, think in generous terms, and plan on a noble scale. When the bells ring out for Victory they must ring over a land fully conscious of other victories still to be won. Thankfulness for deliverance from one evil must be allied with determination that other mighty evils shall be overcome, and not least among them the evils of selfishness and callous forgetfulness of others.

a day five days a week for about 48 weeks a year.

An alternative to the second group is to have a million children attending nurseries for one day a week only, with the advantages of greatly increasing the number under regular skilled medical supervision and of vital respite on one day a week for a million mothers.

The cost of the Four-Year Plan would not be small, but might well be regarded as an investment in the gilt-edged security of children's health. The whole cost indeed might well be offset



Grace Before Meals for tiny tots in a nursery attached to a Midland factory where the mothers are working

One of the most vital schemes for improving our social structure has just been sent to the Minister of Health by the National Society of Children's Nurseries. It is a Four-Year Plan for Nurseries after the war, and involves the outline of a Charter for Mothers.

In the period of readjustment after the war the demand for nurseries may well be greater than now, and ultimately they may become a permanent and valuable social service. If a start were made within a year after the war, says the Society, premises with trained staffs could be available within four years for 300,000 children up to five.

The plan divides these children into two groups. First come 100,000 children for whom full-time nurseries are necessary because their mothers go out to work, or because of illness in the home and other specific reasons; these nurseries would be open nine hours a day on five days a week all the year round. Secondly come 200,000 children who will attend nurseries for seven hours

by less demand for hospital and medical services, and this statement is underlined by the fact that in some years nearly 100,000 five-year-olds attending school for the first time are suffering from some defect, usually preventable.

The Charter for Mothers running parallel with this nurseries scheme assumes greater medical and nursing care, labour-saving houses, children's allowances, mothercraft training, and provision for a regular weekly holiday. (How often it is forgotten that mothers are the only workers with a seven-day working week!)

That a Mother's Charter is long overdue we can all agree. The concept is a noble one. As to Children's Nurseries, they have come to stay, and all right-thinking people will give a benediction to the new Four-Year Plan. The few critics would do well to mark the views of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who said of nurseries: "I am all for them. I find that the people who object to them, and prattle most about interference with

Young Russia's Three Great Movements

OCTOBRISTS and Komsomols are names unfamiliar to most of us, and yet are titles borne by millions, for with the Pioneers they are the chief Youth organisations of Soviet Russia.

To youth the road of life lies open, runs a Russian song, and these organisations exist to guide young Russia along the beginning of that long road, to see that it does not falter on its way through an imperfect sense of values, and to point out all the joys and cares it will meet.

The Octobrists, named in honour of the month in 1917 when the Soviet was founded, are the youngest group (from 8 to 11), and they play games and learn various crafts under the guidance of seniors. The Pioneers are boys and girls between 10 and 16, and they number about 15 millions.

Grouped in brigades of forty to fifty members, they are closely linked with schools, factories, and farms, every school having a full-time Pioneer Leader. All their activities are designed to make them good citizens, and recruits to the movement make a solemn vow to observe the strict code of Pioneer Laws and Customs, which include abstinence from swearing, smoking, and drinking. Their motto, similar to our own Scout motto, is Always Ready.

The Pioneers have their own daily newspaper, and many magazines. They have their own camps for holidays, their own parks and theatres, and centres for technical and art education.

England Is Losing Her Children

MR HERBERT MORRISON has given some startling facts relating to young and old.

At the beginning of this century there were actually 1,500,000 more children in England and Wales than there are today. In 1876, when the population was only 24,000,000, we had as many children in the country as we have today when the population is 41,000,000. The nation is rapidly growing old, as the children fall and the number of old age pensioners increases.

Mr Morrison uttered this warning: If the fall in children continues at the present rate Britain's population will be halved by 1999. The Home Secretary suggested that we should aim at a Charter for Mothers, including these provisions:

1. The Beveridge Scheme for social insurance, with its allowances for children and a complete health service for all.
2. Training and advice for women in house management and mothercraft.
3. A good home for every family in pleasant surroundings.
4. Women not to be forced to take jobs to support their children; work for mothers only if they want it.
5. Nursery schools for every young child.
6. Security of employment.

We want more children, but we want also to see them brought up in healthy conditions, where fresh air and sunshine are available to every child in playgrounds near beautiful homes.

What Languages Shall We Speak Tomorrow?

LORD MELCHETT, himself a great exporter, has been pointing out how important it is that schools and universities should assist our effort in restoring trade after the war by encouraging a knowledge of languages.

Professor Allison Peers of Liverpool University, joins in this plea, and asks what steps

the Board of Education will take to encourage the study of French, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and German.

An instance is given in our neglect of Portuguese. It is the language of 60 million people: the gateway, on one hand, to a rich and attractive culture, and to an expanding export trade on the other. Both Portugal and Brazil, two friendly countries, have in practical ways shown their interest in our studying their language, yet not a secondary school in Great Britain teaches it, barely a hundred adults are studying it in evening institutes; and in 14 British universities the total number of students learning it last session was under 20.

CARRY ON

The Poor Tradition

It cannot be argued that the German is necessarily inferior to other people, or more savage than his neighbours. When the German is transplanted to the American Middle West he becomes a normal human being who does not feel it necessary from time to time to refresh the civilisation of Indiana in the blood of its unhappy sons and daughters. But it can be argued that the German national tradition is inferior, grossly and iniquitously inferior, to that of any other people in the modern world.

Herbert Agar

GOOD HEART

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like London bank,

To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin' muckle mair;
It's no in books; it's no in lears,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness had not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest!
Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang:
The heart aye's the part aye,
That makes us right or wrang.

Robert Burns

The Hundredth Psalm

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness;
come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God. It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

When Big Ben Strikes

KEEP silence before me, O islands, and let the people renew their strength.

Isaiah

Who Counts Himself as Nobly Born

Who counts himself as nobly born

Is noble in despite of place,
And honours are but brands to one

Who wears them not with nature's grace.

The prince may sit with clown or churl,

Nor feel himself disgraced thereby;

But he who has but small esteem
Husbands that little carefully.

Then, be thou peasant, be thou peer,

Count it still more thou art thine own;

Stand on a larger heraldry
Than that of nation or of zone.

What though not bid to knightly halls?

Those halls have missed a courtly guest;

That mansion is not privileged,
Which is not open to the best.

Give honour due when custom asks,
Nor wrangle for this lesser claim;

It is not to be destitute
To have the thing without the name.

Then dost thou come of gentle blood,

Disgrace not thy good company;
If lowly born, so bear thyself

That gentle blood may come of thee.

Strive not with pain to scale the height

Of some fair garden's petty wall,
But climb the open mountain side,

Whose summit rises over all.

E. S. H.

Prophets of Woe in the Long Ago

A MILLION a year will beggar us, said the patriots of 1640.

Two millions a year will grind the country to powder, was the cry of 1660.

Six millions a year, and a debt of fifty millions! exclaimed Swift; the high allies have been the ruin of us.

A hundred and forty millions of debt! said Junius; well may we say that we owe Lord Chat-ham more than we shall ever pay, if we owe him such a load as this.

Two hundred and forty millions of debt! cried all the statesmen of 1783 in chorus; what

abilities, or what economy on the part of a minister, can save a country so burdened?

We know that if, since 1783, no fresh debt had been incurred, the increased resources of the country would have enabled us to defray that debt at which Pitt, Fox, and Burke stood aghast—nay, to defray it over and over again, and that with much lighter taxation than we have actually borne.

On what principle is it that, when we see nothing but improvement behind us, we are to expect nothing but deterioration before us?

Macaulay in 1830

Lewis Carroll's Farewell to Alice

A BOAT, beneath a sunny sky
Lingering onward dreamily
In an evening of July—

Children three that nestle near,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Pleased a simple tale to hear;

Long has faded that sunny sky:
Echoes fade and memories die:
Autumn frosts have slain July.

Still she haunts me, phantom-wise,
Alice moving under skies
Never seen by waking eyes.

THEN BOAST NO MORE

THE garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;

Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

James Shirley

Thomas Jefferson's Vow

I HAVE sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man. Thomas Jefferson



THIS ENGLAND

A delightful corner of Ashbury, one of the prettiest villages in Berkshire

Where Were the Camels?

SEEMING that North Africa is normally a great reserve of camel life, it may seem strange that, where mechanical transport was impossible in Tunisia, mules and not camels were employed. Probably there were two reasons for the choice.

The way up to the troops was marked by numbers of water-courses, and camels will not cross water willingly. Also the sharp stony ways would have maimed their feet.

The camels that do the rough mountain journeys so famous in history are the Bactrian, the two-humped, small-footed species, with intensely tough pads which are as good as leather in resisting penetration. The Arabian camel has a big spreading foot to prevent it from sinking into the sand, but those pads are relatively soft, and not fit for mountaineering.

When, after 12 years of captivity in the Sudan as the prisoner of the Mahdi, Slatin Pasha escaped from his prison his life depended on the efforts of a single camel. A great river was reached, but the camel would not look at it. Friendly Arabs took Slatin in their boat, then, emptying their wineskins, they inflated them, and, tying these about the neck of the indignant camel, towed him across the river behind the boat. When rocky ways were reached later the Pasha had almost to strip himself of clothing in order to make bandaging for its feet.

No, it is mules for transport where waters abound and ways are sharp and stony.

It is different elsewhere, however, and the camel still crops up in the news from the front in this mechanical war.

During its fighting march through the desert our Eighth

Army was occasionally attended at night by roaming camels, which came up like hungry dogs to beg for food at the camping places.

In Russia the camel has helped to draw sledges with supplies over the frozen wastes. In Australia they are still running free in the wilds, descendants of the camels imported for the carrying up-country of the wire netting with which to combat the rabbits.

Camels are long-lived and enduring; twenty years ago, when certain marshlands were needed for agriculture in Spain, experts had to round up droves of the descendants of camels that had escaped and run away after their introduction into the country in 1830. Possibly California may yet have wild descendants of the camels of the historic caravan which crossed the United States in 1856. Before that date the American Government, thinking of camels for transport, sent Major H. C. Wayne to the Crimea, where he watched camels at their work in the war. He took back 30 Arabian camels with him, and these marched across America from coast to coast and back again, triumphantly disproving the theory that herb-eating animals could not live in the American desert lands. The coming of railways prevented the establishment of a camel express across America, but the progeny of those 30 camels survived until recently, and may be there yet.

CN POSTBAG THE WILD DISCORDANT SOUND

DEAR EDITOR, The other evening I switched on the wireless thinking that I might hear some quiet, restful melody, but instead found myself listening to the indescribable din of a modern jazz band.

The strains that smote my ear sounded hideous, barbaric, and somehow they aroused a recollection of having heard similar chaotic chords many years before. At last I suddenly remembered that over 40 years ago I attended a great missionary exhibition at which a number of natives from the Fiji Islands played traditional war dances on their tom-toms and other island instruments. The wild notes that came from these South Sea Islanders were an exact replica of those heard from the BBC on this evening of 1943.

H. P. York

SPRING AT SCHOOL

DEAR EDITOR, The following may be of interest to Southern readers of your excellent paper.

Spring is early this year, and so prodigal is she that the children in one school-room in central Scotland spent their nature study period in counting the numerous offerings brought by them to decorate the room.

They consisted of the following plants and flowers from the woods: forget-me-nots, primroses, wild hyacinths, wild strawberry, violets, daisies, apple and cherry blossom, broom, wood sorrel, wood anemone, stitchwort, blueberry, gilliflower, beech sprays, and rhododendrons.

From the gardens there were tulips, pheasant eye narcissi, pansies, wallflowers, primulas, and lilac blossom.

There are other flowers in bloom, but this seemed an amazing collection in one room. Every available jar and vase was in service and an SOS was sent out for more dishes. Then an appeal was made to deal gently with the growing flowers, especially those bearing fruit later.

With glee they counted up the names and arrived at the grand total of 22. As the maximum age was seven, this seemed a huge number to these tiny naturalists.

ELIZABETH JOHNSTONE,
Dunfermline

TENTERDEN STEEPLE AND GOODWIN SANDS

A QUOTATION from Hugh Latimer's last sermon in the CN not long ago, giving the story of the old Tenterden man's strange explanation of the cause of Goodwin Sands, may puzzle many readers, for the old legend that this steeple made the sands appears to be too silly to be worth preserving through the years. The full story is much more reasonable.

At one time the Abbot of St Augustine's held the living of Tenterden and also the flat lands now covered by the Goodwins. He decided to build an imposing steeple to Tenterden Church, and spent so much on the work that the upkeep of the sea walls was neglected. The sea broke through, and the dreaded sands resulted.

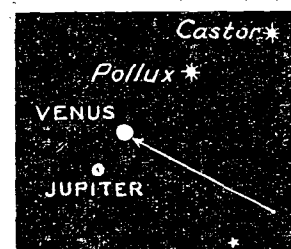
The present tower of St Mildred's, Tenterden, is not the tower of the story. W. ARTER, Gorewell, Chilham, Canterbury

Close Approach of Venus to Jupiter OUR WORLD'S PLANETARY SISTER

THE western sky, writes the CN Astronomer, is now particularly attractive in the evening, being adorned with Venus and Jupiter apparently in close proximity, while the crescent Moon will be added during next week. The rapid approach of Venus to Jupiter may be noted by comparing their positions relative to the stars Castor and Pollux which appear above the planets as shown in the star-map.

Venus and Jupiter will appear at their nearest together on Wednesday, June 2, when Venus may be seen to be about four times the Moon's apparent width above Jupiter. At present Venus is some way to the right of him, and is much the brighter, though if observed through a telescope it would be seen that Venus at present appears but little more than half of the diameter of Jupiter and that her disc is only partly lit up by the Sun, so that she resembles the gibbous phase of the Moon when about eight days old.

It is the intense brilliance of the cloud surface of Venus that makes her appear so much



Venus and Jupiter on June 2 when they appear at their nearest. The arrow shows the path of Venus in the week preceding

larger than Jupiter when seen with the naked eye. This brilliance is chiefly due to the nearness of Venus to the Sun, which is but 67,200,000 miles distant, whereas Jupiter is at present about 470,000,000 miles from the Sun; so the Sun as seen from Venus appears nearly 50 times the size that he does as seen from Jupiter.

After next Wednesday Jupiter will travel away to the right of Venus, their distance apart rapidly increasing as Venus rises higher in the sky and Jupiter sinks down in the west, receding from us to regions far beyond and behind the Sun. After the end of June we shall see no more of Jupiter in the evening sky, but he will reappear as a morning "star" in September next. At present Jupiter is about 515 million miles away from us and becoming less bright as he rapidly recedes.

Venus is now but 90 million miles away, and so is actually much nearer to us than to Jupiter. She is in many ways quite a sister planet to the Earth and, were our world to change

places with Venus, the Earth would appear to the naked eye at the present time almost exactly the same as Venus appears to us. For these two planets are nearly the same size, Venus having a diameter of 7600 miles as compared with the Earth's 7927 miles.

Although our world is thus slightly bigger, yet this would be offset by the Earth presenting not quite such a brilliant cloud surface; for not only is our world less enveloped in bright light-reflecting cloud, but Venus is 26 million miles nearer to the Sun, which therefore appears about twice the size as seen from her surface and so pours down upon it about twice the light and heat that the Earth receives.

Another difference would be that the Earth's tint would vary as seen from Venus, appearing sometimes bluish as when large areas of ocean were presented; then at other times the Earth would appear yellowish or golden, as Mars does occasionally; this would be in consequence of large continental areas with desert and autumnal vegetation occupying a large part of the hemisphere which happened to be turned toward Venus. Thus our world, when clouds were not much in evidence, would alternately appear to change colour even in the course of twelve hours, whereas Venus always remains of a silvery whiteness, there being evidence of little else than brilliant cloud over the whole of Venus. Indeed, so completely covered does the surface appear to be, that peeps at the Earth may be rare on Venus.

Earth Seen From Venus

When they are possible the Earth would at times appear very much brighter to any possible Venusians than ever Venus does to us; this is because Venus has the inner position relative to the Sun, as regards her orbit. Consequently, when the Earth is at her nearest to Venus she displays the whole of her sunlit hemisphere, whereas when she is approaching her nearest to the Earth Venus presents her dark hemisphere or only a very thin crescent of light which finally vanishes, the planet becoming invisible; this will happen on September 6 next, when Venus, though at her nearest, 26 million miles away, will be out of sight. G. F. M.

THE LOST MARBLE

WHEN Leslie Lineham, a 17-year-old lad from Ilford, joins the R.A.F. he will be able to say that his passport was unusual. It was a marble he had carried, without realising it, for more than half his life. For when he was going through his "medical" the other day the doctor said to him: "You've got some foreign body in your ear."

he thought, a marble for which he had never been able to account since he was seven, when he was playing in bed one night with a bag of marbles. One was missing next morning, and he had never been able to find it.

But the M.O. found it. It was a small marble, not big enough to prevent its owner from being graded A1, but it secured for Leslie an unusual record in the M.O.'s case-book.

BEDTIME CORNER

Susan's Pigtails

SUSAN was very proud of her pretty hair. She used to wear it in two pigtails, which were tied with big bows of ribbon to match her frocks.

Her brother Bob teased her nicely about them, and never missed an opportunity of



giving them a tug as he ran by.

As the children were wandering along the towpath one day they saw Jerry Williams jump out of his dinghy, moor it to a stake on the bank, and go off.

"That's a jolly little craft," said Bob, as they came up to it. "I wish I had one."

"You aren't nearly old enough," Susan told him.

"Pooh!" scoffed Bob. "Any kid could manage a boat that size." And without another word he jumped in. "Come

on," he said, pulling at the mooring rope.

After an anxious look round Susan jumped in after him. Bob picked up an oar, stuck it against the bank and pushed off.

Bob said afterwards everything would have been all right if Susan hadn't insisted on having the other oar so that she too could row. And when Bob refused to hand it over she jumped up and tried to grab it. Then the end of the oar caught one of the bows of her hair—which were bigger than ever that day. In trying to free it Susan lost her hold, and it slid over the side. Bob tried to catch it—and lost his oar too!

Now they were in a nice pickle.

"Sit still! Don't move," shouted a voice from the bank.

It was from Jerry, who had heard the splashes and had come running back to see what was going on. He went off to fetch a boathook, and soon had them, safe and sound, back again by the towpath.

Jerry was a nice boy; he didn't scold. All he said was, "Gave you a fright, didn't it?" And added, with a grin, "Serves you right, you know." And it certainly did.

FOOD MINISTRY & THE C N

The Ghost That Disappeared in the Last War

THE Ministry of Food, replying to a Gateshead correspondent who sent to it the C N note on the Luxury Fleet, has informed our reader that a shortage of beer would "undoubtedly result in a decline in our war production, as it did in the last war."

It is an astonishing statement, disproved by many official documents, for it was too much beer that kept down production in the last war, and the cutting down of beer by half enabled us to produce the munitions of victory.

So terrible was the effect of drink on production in the last war that the Admiralty itself appealed to the Cabinet to stop it, the Minister of Transport supported the Admiralty, the War Savings Committee decided that stopping drink would greatly increase our working capacity, Mr Lloyd George declared that it would add ten per cent to our production, a deputation of shipowners and munition workers told the Government that stopping beer would enable their workshops to do justice to the men in the trenches and make work go

"with a swing," and as an example to the nation the King and Lord Kitchener pledged themselves to touch no drink for the duration of the war.

The C N is not now calling for the stopping of drink, but for its rationing. What is truly surprising is that the Ministry of Food should be so unaware of the facts concerning the last war, when the Government took the bold step of closing public-houses half the time, and disposed entirely of the ghost that had frightened it, for nobody grumbled.

As our correspondent says, the British workman is too big to resent a sacrifice if the Government declares it needful, but he will naturally take what the Government says he may have. The only fair way is to ration beer along with everything else, on the basis of equal sacrifice.

FRIENDS OF MINE

THE war has sounded the knell of many journals, good, bad, and indifferent; but it has seen the birth of others which play their parts in the spread of news and the entertainment of our Forces. Fugitive sheets many of them are, produced under difficult conditions for men in camp and men on the battlefield—evanescent trifles which will fade away like old soldiers when the guns of war are silenced. They will be affectionately remembered.

One journal, however, born during this war but bidding fair to grow into maturity in happier times, is one with the felicitous title of Friends of Mine. Produced by a soldier in the Rifle Brigade for friends in the Forces, and for all who are interested in the welfare of young people, it had humble beginnings two years ago, but so mightily has it grown, in stature, in scope, and in excellence, that it is now a lively, vigorous, and strapping youngster, full of promise.

Three Farmers to Every Man

OUR relations with the United States are becoming so intimate that it is well that we should understand the American economy, and we owe a great debt to Professor J. A. Scott-Watson, the British agricultural attaché at Washington, for a report on American agriculture which helps us to understand how different American conditions are from ours.

Many people have been puzzled to find that America has had to ration food. They wonder why so rich a territory cannot send us more food. The facts of the case are worth examination.

On British farms there are nearly three wage earners to each farmer, but in the United States there are three farmers to every hired man. In other words there is a great preponderance of family farms with only one man, or worked perhaps by an elderly father and a single son. Clearly,

in such circumstances, the calling-up of young men for military service was bound to create serious difficulties in all the farming districts.

Again, the traditional American system of war recruitment is to take single men first, married men without children next, and fathers of families last. This system conflicts with the natural desire to leave essential workers in civilian jobs. Then, too, wages in munition factories quickly reached levels that farmers could not afford to pay, with the result that there has been a great migration of farm men into other civilian work.

Finally, the rise in employment and earnings had the effect of increasing America's home consumption at the very time she was called upon to increase her food exports, and the solution was clearly to be sought in food rationing.

Slums of This Great Nation

THERE was an interesting debate in the House of Lords on the deplorable conditions of housing as revealed in their effect on evacuees.

Lord Geddes said that the unfortunate experience of country districts proved that the nation had failed most grievously in the housing question. He spoke of some children who received less house-training than puppies. To this Lord Latham, who told his fellow-peers that he was reared in a slum, asked their lordships to consider how children could be expected to be clean when they lived with six or seven other families in an old house built for one family. Often, he went on, water had to be fetched from two or three floors below or from outside. Lord Latham said that he himself was one of a family that had to carry its water from an outside tap which also served 27 other families.

The only way to eradicate the worst forms of poverty, he said, was to push on with the erection of decent dwellings.

Mother's Day

It was Mother's Day not long ago, and we hear of three children who sacrificed their sweet ration to buy Mother a few hyacinths.

In Manchester every American serving man received a rose, the gift of the mothers of Manchester men serving in the Army.

Will the Rural Councils Go?

THE proposal that local government shall be organised along different lines is being vigorously opposed by most of the Rural District Councils and many other bodies who see a threat to well-tried methods in the suggestion.

As far as is known at present the new plan would mean the merging of rural and urban districts on a population basis, the figure suggested being 10,000 inhabitants. This would mean that many of the rural districts would be merged into towns and would lose their identity.

From the point of view of the countryman, this might mean an increase of something which has done a great deal of harm in rural districts: the control of the country by the town. Many local authorities also fear an increase of bureaucracy, complaining that officialdom needs careful watching and restraint if it is not to become harmful. There is no doubt, however, that

£200,000,000 a Year Extra?

If this Island had no coalfields it would not be able to support a quarter of the population it has today.

Coal is therefore the source of most of our wealth, and every effort that can be made to conserve and improve its industrial use is of vital importance to our future. The recent report of a Parliamentary and Scientific Committee makes it plain that we are not doing nearly enough to use efficiently the coal our miners toil so hard to produce. This Committee urges that several thousand qualified research workers should be engaged to investigate the better use of coal, declaring that the result would add £200,000,000 a year to our national income, while the better use of coal would save much of the domestic work in every home and thus improve the health and increase the leisure of our women.

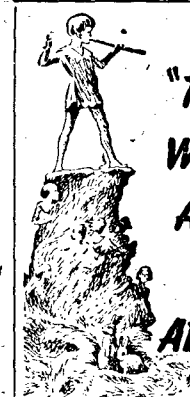
At present 70 per cent of the potential energy of coal is wasted, a loss of 150,000,000 tons every year, and research workers could find ways of reducing this waste considerably. The report suggests that half of them should devote their energies to producing chemicals and liquid fuels from coal. New industries would then arise and provide employment and exports after the war. Pulverised coal for locomotives, producer gas for lorries, and methane for motor-cars would revolutionise transport, and we could look forward to the time when district heating and gas-grids on a wide scale would be possible. Fertilisers for farms, chemicals and dyes, plastics,

soap, synthetic rubber, and aviation spirit are all obtainable from coal; and we are reminded that we were the pioneers in the coal-tar dye industry, in which we should regain our lost lead.

As to the home, constant hot water should become available in every house, and great improvements should be made in lighting.

The Committee declares that it is important that these improvements should not involve any increase in cost to poorer families.

A happier and healthier country will emerge if the Government acts on the advice of this Committee, for the smoke nuisance will also be abated and its appalling waste will be used for profitable objects. Coal will continue the backbone of our island's greatness in the world of industry.



"TO LIVE
WILL BE AN
AWFULLY
BIG
ADVENTURE"

One day the war will end. One day a new world will surely awaken around wide-eyed children unused to the ways of peace.

The carefree spirit of Peter Pan will capture the hearts of a young generation on the threshold of fresh, simple delights. Then, slightly to misquote Barrie—"To live will be an awfully big adventure."

Wise parents are keeping their children fit and healthy now with 'Milk of Magnesia', so that they will enjoy to the full the zest of youth in the happier years ahead.



'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

ANGLO-SOVIET YOUTH
FRIENDSHIP ALLIANCE
announces a National

Essay Competition

for all young people aged 12-24.

SUBJECTS:

"A letter to a Russian pen pal."
"What I would like to see and do if I went to U.S.S.R."
"The development of (a) culture, or (b) industry, in Modern Russia."

JUDGES:

Lady Ernest Simon. Mr. S. P. B. Mais.
Mr. Jack Tanner.
A parallel Essay Competition is being held in the U.S.S.R.

Details from:
ASYFA, 104, Wigmore Street, London, W.1

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, May 26, to Tuesday, June 1.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Nursery Sing Song, with Doris, Muriel, and Nan; followed by Captain Poop's Voyage, by Arthur W. Painter, told by Muriel; and Trio Tunes played by Laurence Turner, Haydn Rogerson, and Stephen Wearing. 5.55 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Jonathan Church, a serial play by L. du Garde Peach—Episode 3, The Sacking of Porto Bello.

FRIDAY, 5.20 The Big Six, by Arthur Ransome, told by Mac. No. 14, The Last Chance; followed by gramophone records. 5.45 Your Garden This Month, by H. G. Fleet.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Calling all Cuckoos, or Don't Look Round

Now—divulging the scandalous state of affairs in Birdland, reported by Dorothy Worsley.

SUNDAY, 5.20 Where Love Is, A play by Richard Sharp, from a short story by Tolstoy about a pilgrim returning to his home town in Russia after eight years' absence.

MONDAY, 5.20 More about Bitty and the Bears, told by Elizabeth; followed by Music at Random—the Music of the Nightingale, by Helen Henschel. (A programme in response to a child's request for bird music, illustrated on the piano with commentary and with the help of gramophone records showing the response of great composers to the inspiration of bird-song.) 5.45 The Zoo Man.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Out With Romany—among the birds and animals.

The BRAN TUB

RIDDLE

Clown: Is there an end to anything round?

Ringmaster: No, you simpleton.

Clown: Well, we had a plum pudding on Sunday and there was soon an end to that.

What Am I?

My first is in ewe, but not in lamb;

My second's in Thomas, but not in Sam;

My third is in oval, but not in square;

My fourth is in diver, and also in dare;

My whole is something you often burn.

If you study this well my name you will learn. *Answer next week*

Disappointment?

JACK had been told to visit the dentist. Nervously he waited for the door to open.

"I wish to see the dentist," he said to the receptionist.

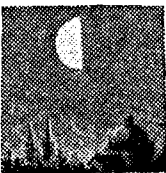
"The dentist is out," Jack was told.

His face at once became more cheerful. "When will he be out again?" Jack asked eagerly.

Other Worlds

IN the evening Venus and Jupiter are in the west. In the morning Mars is in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 o'clock.

Double Summer Time, on Wednesday morning, May 26.



The Gay Crocodile

THERE once was a gay crocodile Who dressed in the very best style:

With his Panama hat

He lay down on a mat

And dreamt of this wonderful tile.

PLANE PROBLEM

TWO planes were flying across Canada in opposite directions, each making for the airport from which the other had started, just 3000 miles apart. They started at the same time.

The plane travelling from the Atlantic coast flew at 180 m.p.h., but that coming from the Pacific coast was making 300 m.p.h. Assuming that the planes travelled without deviation, how far had each gone when they met?

Answer next week

To Make a Cork Fit a Bottle

THERE is a very simple way of making a cork that is rather too large fit the bottle it is intended for, and that is by placing it on the ground and rolling it backwards and forwards under the foot. It is then compressed evenly all round.

Of course, this applies only to corks that are slightly too big for the bottle. The rolling will not compress a large cork enough to fit a small bottle.

Roughriding

IT was the riding lesson, and the new recruit was most anxious to have a quiet horse.

"Ever ridden before, sonny?" queried the riding master.

"No, sir," faltered the recruit.

"Then here's the horse you are looking for," returned the riding master. "He's never been ridden, so you can learn together."

THE SIOUX

WHEN out on the warpath the Sioux

March single file, never by tioux,

And by blazing the trees

Can return at their ease,

And their way through the forests ne'er lose.

All new-fashioned boats he eschious,

And uses the birch-bark canious;

They are handy and light,

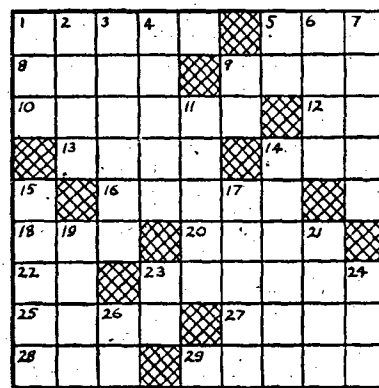
And, inverted at night,

Give shelter from storms and from dioux.

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 A tribunal. 5 — for Victory. 8 You see with these. 9 A tract of wasteland. 10 Cloudlike celestial object. 12 Territorial Army (abbrev.). 13 Ardour. 14 A spigot. 16 To come into violent collision. 18 From this tree came Britain's wooden walls. 20 Type of earth used as manure. 22 Forward. 23 A spacious apartment. 25 A single performance. 27 A flower-holder. 28 Compass point (abbrev.). 29 A sacred cantata.

Reading Down. 1 Boggy land. 2 The town crier repeats this. 3 Stringed instrument resembling the violin. 4 Customary. 5 Accomplish. 6 A very small quantity. 7 Fruit of the vine. 9 Child's name for Mother. 11 South America's camel. 14 The pharynx. 15 Supposedly stupid swimming bird. 17 A general discharge of guns. 19 Forthwith. 21 To cease to possess. 23 In this manner. 24 A snare. 26 French for the.



Answer next week

You Will Never Be Sorry

FOR doing your best.
For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For standing by your principles.
For being generous to an enemy.
For keeping your promises.

Earning and Learning

EMPLOYER: You are asking for a big wage, considering you have had no experience!

Boy: But think how much harder it will be for me, not knowing what to do!

Jacko Nicely Caught



IT was so warm that Jacko decided to have a dip in the river. So he left his things on the bank and plunged in. He stayed in the water quite a time, but when he was ready to come out he saw, to his horror, that a bull had arrived on the scene and was tossing his clothes about in the most alarming manner. He was heartily glad when the farmer came to his rescue.

WE MUST PRODUCE MORE

Boy. If most of the world's people are ever to enjoy comfort, will it not be necessary to produce far more goods than ever?

Man. A searching question too commonly neglected. How often we hear it said that there is wealth enough for all, when the truth is that even in the nations called wealthy the output fails to produce general comfort.

The richest nation is, of course, the United States; yet it is commonly visited by trade slumps of appalling character, when tens of millions have to be sustained out of public charity, and when, even in good years of trade, at least a third of the whole population has difficulty in keeping up respectability. In our own country a similar condition exists. There is only one remedy, and that is to raise the standard and quantity of production, and to rationalise distribution.

Boy. I think you once said that a great part of our raw material has to be bought in places abroad and brought to us by ships. That is not so with America, is it?

Man. No. America leads the world in the production of native supplies of iron, copper, lead, zinc, coal, mineral oil, natural gas, and many other invaluable materials, while her area is so great that she can readily produce food and

organic materials, such as cotton. Moreover, her climate covers a wide range, so that she can produce a great variety of fruits. Thus, America is extraordinarily favoured in production, and yet, we see, she finds difficulty in meeting urgent needs.

Boy. Will you tell me what our present knowledge encourages us to hope for in the future? It is clear that we cannot do anything to rival America in resources. How can we build up a greater production for our people?

Man. Let us think first of our buildings, of creating such citizen homes and public amenities as to raise the standard of life in its occupational aspect. In these matters we lack neither opportunity nor materials, but are deficient in clear vision and determination to achieve things well within our power. We have ample supplies of building materials, and our natural gifts in beautiful areas, are obvious. We can erect splendid towns, join them with excellent means of communication, surround them with a green belt, and create unerringly the means of public health. If we are to do this we must enlarge our ideas of home-making and give as much attention to the details of peace as we are now giving to the details of

war. As it is easier to build a good home than to build a good aeroplane, we have no excuse if we fall in homemaking.

Boy. And what of food?

Man. Well, we now know that we can actually produce from our own soil much more food than we thought possible before the war, but it is clear that we must continue to import food from overseas, tropical products, for example.

Boy. But what of clothing, furnishings, instruments of culture and recreation, books, and a host of other things which call for imported materials, and for the employment of special machines, and so forth?

Man. As to the imports needed to produce such things, the case, of course, is very serious. We have, somehow or other, to gain hundreds of millions of pounds-worth of materials from abroad and to pay for them with the products of our labour. That means the training of skilful workmen and the production of articles which people overseas are willing to buy because of good workmanship and artistry. This calls for the leadership of enlightened men and the devoted work of men and women who appreciate the processes of industry and are determined to keep their country abreast of modern development.



Another Episode of the THREE MUSTARDEERS

AND TWISTY FINGER

THE THREE MUSTARDEERS were standing at the window of a Dockland curio shop admiring a bronze dragon, when a man in Chinese clothes asked—"You like something? Curiosities—very cheap. You come in. No buy, all right. I show interesting things."

"Oh, let's," said Mary, and as he ambled inside his full sleeves, the Mustardeers followed. After examining the curios in the shop he led them towards a room at the back. "Come, I show you something special!" And Jim thrilled. For as the man's hands separated to push open the door, his right sleeve fell away, and Jim saw a hand with a twisted finger! At once Jim was on his guard. He pictured the man dressed in European clothes, without his Chinese make-up. And he saw their old enemy—the Man with the Twisted Finger! He must have recognised them at his window. In that back room was danger.

At that moment the shop door opened, and in lurched a drunken sailor. Twisty turned to him. "You want something?" "I'm a bloke," said the sailor, "that likes to see things, see! I've seen most things, on the seas and off 'em, see! But I'm always looking." "Yes," said Twisty. "But you go back to ship, sleep, come back. Show you much then." "Never mind that!" answered the sailor. "Time's right, I'm right—and dragons can wait!" Twisty Finger's bland smile faded for an instant. "All right, come in back. And you, girl and boys, perhaps you wait. Yes, please, two minutes. I come back." He gave a low whistle, and from the back room sprang a heavy dog. "Ah Ping, you watch shop, eh?" And the dog flung itself down across the closed door of the shop. Twisty then led the sailor into the back room and locked the door.

Jim told Roger and Mary of his discovery. "Twisty again," they exclaimed. "Yes," said Jim, "and that sailor adds to the mystery. Didn't you notice when he said about dragons waiting, Twisty let him through?" "By Jove!" said

Roger. "Dockland, ships leaving to join convoys—a sailor with a pass-word—Twisty as a Chinaman! Come on, let's get the police." But at the door, the dog bared his teeth! "Cunning Twisty," said Mary; "he's keeping us for a bit of fun!"

In the room at the back, all disguise was dropped. "Well," asked Twisty, "what information have you?"

"The Carpathian sails to-night. She'll steam north, then in mid-sea, change course to join a convoy." "Then we must sink her before she turns," said Twisty.

Twisty stepped to a picture on the wall, pulled the cord, and a small opening appeared in the wall. From this he took a code book, and at his desk wrote a few sentences. He then dialled a number on his telephone. "Hello. Oh, Uncle Gerald speaking. I wanted—" He jerked a revolver from a drawer. "Hands up," he hissed at the sailor. "Say, have you gone crackers?" asked the sailor. "Mr. Stranger, you're not smart enough. Why did you write my friend's telephone number in your cigarette case? I smell Secret Service. Keep your hands up. He forced the sailor to a door and opening it, showed stone steps with the floor far below the last step—and a gate of steel bars. "To-night the tide will come through there, up to the steps. Not pleasant, eh? But you will have company—those three youngsters you saw in my shop. To-night I finish them too. Go on, get down."

Through the keyhole from the shop the Mustardeers had seen Twisty Finger at the telephone, and the quick turn of events. They acted quickly. Using an old bench as a battering-ram, they crashed through the door. As Twisty turned to them the sailor hit out at him. Twisty's gun fell into the cellar, and he dashed across the room, smacked into the wall, and, to their astonishment, a panel fell before him. As he disappeared, the panel sprang back into position. The sailor and the Mustardeers beat upon the panel, but it remained fixed. "He's fastened it from his side," groaned the sailor. Before we can find the outlet of the passage behind he will be well away. But we've got something here—his code book and the phone number of one of his agents. And, by the way, thanks for getting me out of an unpleasant hole." "Then you're not one of his men?" asked Mary. "No, I can't tell you who I am, but we are all working for the same good cause. And one day we'll have that fellow where we want him."

Said Jim: "That's fine, as the boy said putting a dab of mustard on a piece of fat meat."

THE MUSTARDEERS' OATH

We will have mustard whenever we can get it. It makes good food taste better. It helps us to keep healthy and strong. We will have Mustard—**Colman's Mustard**

